

VOL. XIV.-No 341.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1883.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE TEMPTATION.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers,	-	-	-	-	-	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers,	-	-	-	-	-	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks,	-	-	-	-	-	1.25
<i>(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)</i>						
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers,	-	-	-	-	-	\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers,	-	-	-	-	-	3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers,	-	-	-	-	-	1.50

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BENNER

CONTENTS:

FIRST-PAGE CARTOON—The Temptation.
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
 A Fragment from Jay Gould's Autobiography—illus.
 V. Hugo Dusenbury—He Comes On Deck Again.
PUCKERINGS.
 Signs of Autumn.
 From a Guest—Cavalazzi.
 Astounding Shrinkage in Value—illustrated.
 The Near-Sighted Dude and the Young Widow—illus.
Protect Us From Our Protectors.
 "Water-Lilies—Eloquence"—poem—Walter L. Sawyer.
 The Latest Important Foreign News.
 Anecdotes of Alcibiades—P. L. Utarch.
 Social Problem—No. II.—illustrated.
PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 His Scheme for Peace—R. K. Munkittrick.
 A Shattered Idol—illustrated.
CENTRE-PAGE CARTOON—Monopoly in Hades.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—A Conversation.
 The Prayer of the Financier—poem—illustrated.
 The Family Reunited—illustrated.
 Love and Mammon—poem.
 The Summer Hotel Keeper on the Ragged Edge—illus.
LAST-PAGE CARTOON—The Land of Undiscovered Murders.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is our firm belief that if a man were to walk into the most frequented street of a Connecticut town, in broad daylight, among a gaping crowd of villagers, and chop a well-known resident into fine-cut with a meat-axe, it would be considered and treated as a mysterious murder. Some innocent stranger might be placed in peril of his life, but the real and only genuine murderer might camp out in perfect safety on the blood-stained ground. If the "mystery" of Rose Ambler's death—which even our much despised New York detectives couldn't have managed to keep a mystery over-night—is ever made clear, it will be by some New York reporter who has the cleverness to unravel the tangle of imbecility into which the representatives of New England law have managed to twist every obvious clue. Perhaps it is now too late for even the clever reporter. A Connecticut coroner has only to glance at a murder case, and all that was simple instantly becomes involved. By the time that that monarch of muddlers has had it in his hands one week, Vidocq himself would retire from the case or die of fatigue in trying to make something out of it.

Now, we do not believe that the murders committed in Connecticut are any more mysterious in their essence than the ordinary crimes committed in other States. The trouble is that there is no adequate machinery of law to deal with them. The old idea of the vigilant and right-minded citizen is at the bottom of all New England legislation. It is a good idea, and flattering to the constituents of the law-makers; but it is not a safe idea to put in practice in matters of life and death. You cannot trust the untrained minds of a lot of excited countrymen to study out the immediate and urgent necessities in such a case as the Rose Ambler murder, which is now throwing an interesting gloom over a small Connecticut community. Doubtless the men mean to do well; but the work laid upon them is of a sort with which only trained intellects can grapple. By the time that the Medical Examiner and the Coroner have had their fight out, and the Inquest—which is no inquest, but really a trial—is concluded, any murderer of average intelligence has had time either to escape or to cover up his tracks so carefully that by the time the proper authorities get hold of the affair, it is

practically impossible to make any case, one way or the other, out of evidence that has already been put before the public after an imperfect fashion.

We saw something of the beauties of this system in the great Malley case. There were three people who, whether they were guilty or not guilty—we do not wish to discuss that question—were held for months in danger of their lives on evidence that would scarcely have got them indicted by a New York grand jury. Why was this? Because such absurdly exaggerated powers were delegated to a coroner, a coroner's jury, and to those important beings, the local Grand Jurors, that they were enabled to make a sort of amateur trial of the case before it went to a properly constituted court. Having these powers, they naturally, instead of trying to find out the real criminal or criminals, sat in judgement on the three persons accused by popular opinion. Thus they made an irregular, confused record, that, on the final trial, bothered both the prosecution and the defense. This could not have happened here. Bad as are the men who administer our laws; bad as is the so-called "code" which directs them, the basic principle of our legal system gives the power of action to men who are trained to act promptly and wisely in emergencies. How few, in this crowded and turbulent city, are such "mysteries" as the Rogers, the Nathan and the Gutermuth cases! How many, in law-abiding Connecticut, are such as the Stannard, the Cramer and the Ambler mysteries! The patriarchal system works well in certain places where judges, lawyers, policemen and citizens are all sensible and well-meaning men; but this does not prove that it is wise to make loose laws because good people may administer them with discretion.

"Harmony" in the Democratic party in this city generally means such "harmony" as the tainted wether introduces into the flock. It is the "harmony" of Tammany, an unwholesome leaven that spreads throughout the whole mass and makes it a stink in the nostrils of men. If the Democrats have once, within the last twenty years, been near to the promised land, they are near to it now. But they certainly never will

enter it with John Kelly in the rôle of Moses. There is something of a rich redundancy of metaphor in the above remarks; but there is a fine healthy basis of plain and simple truth under the mere words. There is no use of crying Peace, there is no use of crying Harmony, where there is neither Peace nor Harmony, but only an unholy alliance of week-kneed reformers and thoroughgoing rogues. The Republican party may be, as our E. C. the *Sun* has several times intimated, in such a condition of morals as to warrant its immediate departure, but it is absolutely respectable by the side of the New York Democratic ideal of party harmony.

Not long ago an accomplished American linguist was traveling through Russia for pleasure. He greatly enjoyed the wonders of this country concerning which so little is known; but, after he had been there a short time, he thought he would stop over a day or two at Eatwax-candlesovitch, to study the manners of the people. He had his baggage sent on to St. Petersburg, where he arrived only a few days later to ascertain that it had been seized by the authorities, and that he was suspected of being in sympathy with the hated Nihilistic movement.

Much to his surprise, he was arrested while taking a bath, and dragged to the palace before he could get on his rubber boots and seal-skin overcoat. The Czar was very glad to see him, and invited him to dine, which invitation he gladly accepted.

The Czar was sitting on a barrel eating a candle at the time the American entered. He immediately arose, advanced, and, doffing his crown, bowed politely.

"I didn't wish to disturb you," said the Czar: "but you know we have to be careful. We have to regard every one as a Nihilist. Your trunk was searched, and in it found a curious little book."

Here the Czar paused, and said to a servant:

"Fetch on another round of candles."

The servant departed, and the Czar said:
 "This book shows that you are not in sympathy with Nihilism, for it contains a burlesque on that movement which you wouldn't read or have in your possession if you were one of them. I only know it to be a burlesque by the pictures. Now I wish you to translate it to me, and then translate it for the court, that it may afterward be printed and sent around as a tract."

The Czar was silent, and the American linguist sat on his Saratoga and read to the Czar, from the pages of PUCK ON WHEELS, "Verydudeovitch, the Nihilistess."

"Bravo!" shouted the Czar at the conclusion: "bravo! Set them up again."

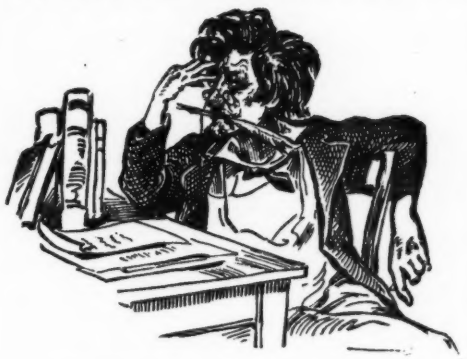
And the two feasted until a late hour, and the next day the name of the Nihilist was on every tongue, for the tracts had gone out. And the Czar ordered an edition of PUCK ON WHEELS on the spot. This popular hand-book of American humor is now to be had of any news-dealer in the country for twenty-five cents.

A FRAGMENT FROM JAY GOULD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



HOW HE FIRST STUDIED THE PROBLEM OF MONOPOLY *VERSUS* LABOR.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HE COMES ON DECK AGAIN.

HARLEM, September 17th, 1883.

EDITOR PUCK—DEAR SIR:

I wish to use your columns to announce that I am still at the old stand, in good business trim, and prepared to supply good sound marketable poetry by the cubic or linear yard, as before, and also to poet any other professional poet in the country for the championship of America and \$5,000.

Oh, no, the old Dusenbury is not dead. He has only been working on private contracts. He has been doing Sunday-school picnic poems during the summer, and he is just spoiling to take hold of solid business again and shake it up to the Muse for all she is worth.

I am going to let you into a big thing, that will more than square this little ad., and leave me what you groveling men of business would call a "balance."

I have struck it this time. It is a big idea, and you are on the ground-floor. You have stamped all over my genius, in times gone by, but now I am putting you up to something that will sooner or later move even your callous soul to rise up and call me blessed, and send me a healthy check.

I know you don't believe it. You think you know yourself too well. But I believe I and the eternal verities have got you this time.

I do not wish to disturb you while you are working. Just throw one opaline ear over your alabaster shoulder, as you sit at your ormolu desk, and hear my genius murmur.

There is red, rich gold in every word.

You have probably observed that this is the season when the young clerk comes home from his vacation, more or less broken up.

Reminiscences—that is—those are what's the matter with him.

He is full of reminiscences, probably mixed with a little malaria. The reminiscences are on top, however. They dwell with him in his third-story boarding-house hall-bedroom. They go down-town with him in the commission hours. They sit with him at his desk, and they move him to write in the salesbook:

*Isaacsohn and Schwindelheim,
Peoria, Ills.*

30/5 % off.

XL One case Golden-rod, 510 yds @ 10.....\$ 51.00

V One case Little blue veil, 603 yds @ 20.... 120.60

SJ Two cases Straw-rides, 739 yds @ 01..... 7.39

\$178.99

Straps .75

Now, if I were doing Sunday-school literature, I should add that when that young man's employer gets that bill back from Isaacsohn & Schwindelheim he smiles softly and forgives the vagrant-minded youth, because he—the employer—has reminiscences, too. But it wouldn't be true. Employers aren't liable to 'em.

As a matter of fact, the young man gets so near to being bounced that you couldn't crowd a politician's conscience in the vacant space.

And maybe he doesn't get into trouble with his landlady for writing "Angelina" on the wall with burnt-out matches?

And maybe she don't make fun of him when he says he doesn't care for a John Collins, but he'll take an Angelina Smith, very sweet, if you please?

But is not young love a sweet and beautiful thing?

Why, of course it is. But it is also heaps of fun to the people who haven't got it.

Now what does that young man need?

He needs the Dusenbury.

This is the way in which he needs him.

He wants a man who understands his case, who sympathizes with him, who has been there himself, and who will give him a vent for his emotions at a reasonable rate per line.

Then he can copy out my verses and send them on to Her, and feel better; and that will enable him to keep his emotions from getting tangled up with his business.

For instance, here are three starters in the way of reminiscent poesy, which will relieve the surcharged heart, and relieve it cheap, too.

The complementary lines—all square, four-to-the-quatrain rhymes—will be supplied on the receipt of cash.

NO. 1.

I walked with her by the twilight sea;
And I pressed her little hand,
And she said—

What she said will be furnished to lonely lovers for \$2.75, invariably in advance.

NO. 2.

Oh, the delight of that dear old straw-ride,
Oh, the delight of her low replies—

Perhaps you think I can't rhyme "straw-ride." But I can. \$3.25.

NO. 3.

Her eyes were like the summer-skies—
We walked amid the golden-rod—

\$4.87½.

Now, then, do you see the business end of this scheme?

Yours for cash,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

NEW YORK, September 17th, 1883.

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Esq.—Dear Sir:

We see the business end of your scheme. Please collect the amount of your ad., as per inclosed bill, out of the reminiscent young man.

Yours truly,

PUBS. PUCK.

"THIS DRAWER never comes out right," said old Mr. Brown to his wife the other morning, as he took hold of the knobs of the lower drawer of the bureau.

"You don't pull hard enough," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Don't, eh?"

"No, you don't."

Then Mr. Brown said he would pull harder than he ever did before. So he braced himself, and yanked upon both knobs with might and main, and the drawer flew out, and down went Brown on his back, and the next instant he was busily engaged prying various articles out of his eyes, ears, mouth and nose.

"That's right," said Mrs. Brown, smilingly: "I knew you would get it open, if you only pulled hard enough. Whenever you want to open that drawer, only pull on it half as hard as you pull on the bottle, and you will get it open."

And Brown kicked the drawer over on the sofa, and, jumping suddenly up, flew down-town without waiting to put his collar on.

Puckerings.

A SURE SIGN—No Trust.

A MAN MIGHT make a colossal fortune in a very short time by inventing a kind of food that will keep a canary from singing.

THE DIME museums have many curiosities; but we have failed to find among them a railroad official who could tell you at what time the next train starts.

IF IT were only possible to trim a lamp with a one-bladed instrument, a servant would never think of using a table-knife or a scythe. She would use her master's razor.

NOTHING EXASPERATES a boarding-house mistress more than to detect one of her boarders entering the house about ten minutes after dinner with an armful of sandwiches.

THIS is the time that the dude looks over his kid gloves, and picks out the pair that will stand mending and dying. And what the dude saves in gloves he puts into a standing collar.

IF CHARON has to keep his boat moving back and forth across the Styx, he must be an over-worked man, and we should think he would follow Courtney's example and saw his craft.

A MAN WHO recently rented a room advertised to have running water, looked in vain for the faucets, and finally concluded that the running water must be the water that ran through the roof and disturbed his nightly rest.

WE ARE informed that an erratic Frenchman is anxious to have certain hackneyed phrases forbidden at political meetings. Now, if such a reform as this should take place in this land of freedom, what would become of the local Democratic stump-speakers of the Dennis Kearney stripe?

THE SMALL boy has many sports known only to himself. You may know that he is perfectly happy and mentally at rest when he steals a boat whose oars are locked up, and paddles around with a picket that fills his hands with splinters. But even then he is, perhaps, not so happy as when sitting in a chill autumn wind, blowing on his fingers to keep them warm, and perched on the point of a stone, watching a sweet potato slowly roasting on a fire made of old sun-dried shoes.

THE OTHER DAY, while Jones was sitting on the sofa, he thought he would write a few letters before going down-town. So he placed the writing-paper on a book which he held on his knee, and laid the ink-stand on the floor at his feet. After he had finished the letter and started down-town, his wife happened to walk over to the sofa, and upset the ink on a new Turkish rug. As quick as chain-lightning, she grabbed the sponge off the wash-stand and mopped the ink up in it, and put it back. On the following morning, when Jones was performing his ablutions, he hurriedly put the sponge under the faucet and ran it around his neck several times. On the way down-town, a number of boys followed him, and screeched with delight. Jones didn't know what was the matter. His neck was as black as ebony. When he entered the office, he was hailed with cheers, and, being unable to explain the mystery, he was asked what time he got home in the morning, and if he had slept in a coal-yard. That was several days ago; but still Jones goes around with a comforter around his neck and an umbrella up, to keep off the criticisms of sarcastic gamins.

SIGNS OF AUTUMN.

When the fashionable sample-room dispenses soup to customers at noon—

When the clerk eats roasted chestnuts on his way up-town on the Elevated—

When the drum and the fife of the target-company are heard in all Democratic cities—

When the piqué scarf is cast rudely aside for one made of satin, with a patent-leather finish—

When it gets so cold that trout won't bite, and anglers are obliged to tell pickerel lies for a change—

When the turkey struts around and wonders why in the world his food has been improved and multiplied—

When members of street-bands give up the midsummer troubadour act and sink into oblivion for the winter—

When the pumpkin-pie blossoms on the pantry shelf until the small boy comes along and cuts it down in its bloom—

When the young lady looks up to speak to her brother in the apple-tree, and has her back hair broken down by a descending apple—

When the forest is spoken of as being ablaze, and wrapt in haze, and the whole business is summed up in the term, "melancholy days."

When the variety-actor purchases a long overcoat with a fur edge, and throws the lapels almost back on his shoulder-blades to show his cutaway—

When the iceman's patrons drop off like withered leaves, and the iceman has to depend on ice-cream saloons and undertakers to keep his business going—

When the dog knows he may walk the street without running the risk of being snapped up and thrown rudely into a common cart, and taken to the Pound—

When the poet turns out his regulation poem on the golden-rod, with all the stock appurtenances thereunto appertaining or in any way belonging thrown in—

When the steamboat company drops on its summer excursion rates, and breaks the heart of the poet who is up in the country and can't return at summer rates—

When the clerk begins to grow a full beard, so that, at the end of the year, when he goes to his employer, he will look more manly and justify his demand for a raise—

When the restaurant sends forth its couriers, with banners bearing highly-colored legends, informing people that it has just been entirely painted and refitted, and that a reduction of ten per cent has been made in the prices—

When the divine fragrance of the sausage and the pork-chop float through the house like an angel's dream, and tell the sad-eyed poet that cold weather food is about due, and that shortly the roast duck and the ditto goose will be in full blossom—

And

When the small boy howls because his father won't allow him to go barefooted any longer; but the small boy takes his shoes off, after he gets out of sight, and carries them under his arms, and is as happy as a king to think that he can run over sharp stones and dance on ash-heaps covered with broken medicine-bottles—

Then we may know Autumn is here.

NOTHING FILLS the heart of a woman with delight so much as to go into a fancy-goods store where there are a number of bargains. Newton, with all his philosophy, would acknowledge himself at sea and wrecked, if asked to tell why a woman buys half-a-barrel of things she knows she doesn't need, just because they are cheap.

ALTHOUGH THE wolf is commonly regarded as the symbol of misery and want, he cannot be said to have brought much trial or tribulation to our dear little friends and school-mates, Romulus and Remus.

THE SPANISH have a proverb that "it is a waste of lather to shave an ass." The Spanish philosopher might have made a better Puckering for posterity if he had simply stated that it is a waste of lather to shave the average dudelet, whose face is as smooth as the story of a female book-agent.

FROM A GUEST.

Last Tie Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad—1,300 Miles from Helena, by Beaver.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It is evident no accurate description of the ceremonies of laying the last tie on the Union Pacific Railroad will now be written unless by the toil-stained hand of a stranger guest. If I, the Count Cavalazzi, succeed in getting a position in a barber-shop in Cheyenne, I will purchase a postage-stamp and write another letter to the press. At present, I could not pay postage to the next station if it only cost one cent to my château in Sunny Italy.

Marquis Rataplan is working his way down the Missouri River on a cattle-boat, Baron Angostura and Lord Nonesolow have gone ahead of me in a freight-car, and I, the descendant of the Medicis, have just walked my two thousandth mile on the ties. I begin to think the Villard excursion party a very practical joke, or that the visiting noblemen have been in some incomprehensible way left behind the procession.

When we got out of the cars at Last Tie Station, I confess I did not understand why several miles of track had been left unaid. As far as the opening ceremonies were concerned, it would only have seemed necessary for Mr. Villard to lay one tie. When he set us all to work, stating that the Chinese laborers had struck for San Francisco on hearing of the coming of our friend Rataplan, and that the only thing to be done was for us to help him out of a hole, I was amazed to think that the Chinese would carry their hatred of France so far. I am now more grieved than I was then amazed. The ceremonies lasted over several days, and when the last tie was laid, and the dinner-buckets were opened with a great huzza, Mr. Villard produced a pint of St. Louis champagne, and we washed our hands and endeavored to swallow the contents of our pails.

The last tie business was wonderfully enterprising, but I do not think laborers can be profitably imported from so great a distance.

CAVALAZZI.

ASTONISHING SHRINKAGE IN VALUE.



Jones Family at Long Branch—Big with Importance and Sea-Air.



Jones Family at Home—Visible Collapse and Evaporation of Aims and Decided Dwindling of Importance.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED DUDE AND THE YOUNG WIDOW.



"Surely that must be my Cousin Floy."



"It Is."



"No, It Isn't!"



"But it's the pretty young widow I met at Mount Desert."—Forgiveness.



Reconciliation.



Renewed Friendship.

PROTECT US FROM OUR PROTECTORS.

With a view of checking the exuberant freshness of policemen, who, after partaking of a few free lunches and sampling the contents of a peach-stall, are accustomed to work off their superabundant spirits on the heads of the public with a club, we think it only fair that the Commissioners of Police should frame a series of rules and fines for any over-exertion in this direction.

No one more than ourselves has a livelier sense of what is due to those in authority over us, and we should be the last in the world to wish to interfere with any officer's amusement; but this daily recurrence of gratuitous clubbing, running amuck at crowds of peaceful citizens, and authority in delirium tremens is becoming monotonous, and should be modified.

No sound man can object to an officer's indulging in the pastime of clubbing a cripple. The fun is safe, though one-sided. Even if administered too freely, it doesn't matter over-much. It doesn't cripple the man, leaves him not greatly worse off than before, and the officer feels, if not real good, at any rate lighter and better. He can then resume his regular duties of letting criminals of the hoodlum and dangerous class slip through his fingers with agility, and ordering the children gazing at the wonders in a toy-store window to "git."

We humbly suggest, therefore, in order to diminish this over-freshness, that penalties for these offences be imposed somewhat as follows:

Any officer wantonly attacking and injuring orderly citizens shall be reprimanded.

For killing a citizen, or half killing two citizens, he shall undergo that dreadful sentence of fiendish punishment—invented by a Brooklyn Alderman—be deprived of his club for one day.

For killing a citizen, second offence, he should have a severe sentence—one that will have a deterrent effect—and shall be fined one dollar, or, in default, imprisoned in Brooklyn Jail till such time as he can get "that plank" adjusted and walk out.

After that, should he do any more killing, and betray a chronic homicidal mania, then he must be degraded to the position of private citizenship, and become amenable to the laws that govern all Americans, except politicians.

"WATER-LILIES—ELOQUENCE."

Speak to her, lilies, with a voice as sweet—

As softly sweet—as that which moves her lips.

The while you twine about her finger-tips

Her pulse's rhythmic throbbing strive to meet;

And if, at thought of me, her arms repeat

Heart-welcome that my own poor, faint heart slips,

Then whisper—tell her: "Home return my ships:

Come, dear commander, and direct the fleet!"

Yet tell her, also, (else your words are lost):

"My ships have sailed no shallow mountain-brook;

No hopeful chance of gain my crews forsook;

They bring me merchandise beyond all cost.

Your uniform shall bring fair friends a frost.

Am I the sort of man that should be 'shook'?"

WALTER L. SAWYER.

THE LATEST IMPORTANT FOREIGN NEWS.

DENMARK.—A terrible tragedy has been enacted at Elsinore. It seems that the widow of the late Thomas P. Hamlet married her husband's brother, James Q. Hamlet. This so annoyed her son, Colonel Hamlet, that he took to hard drink, and, in a fit of delirium tremens, declared he saw the ghost of his father, the late Thomas P., and that the ghost informed him that his father had been murdered by James Q. Colonel Hamlet had been affianced for some time to Miss Ophelia Polonius, daughter of Judge Polonius, of the Supreme Court of Denmark.

Colonel Hamlet imagined he had heard a mouse behind a screen, and, seizing a carving-knife from the dinner-table, plunged it into the screen, behind which Judge Polonius was concealed, to keep Colonel Hamlet from mischief. Judge Polonius was killed by the knife. An evening or so afterward, at some private theatricals, Colonel Hamlet behaved so rudely that his mother, uncle and Miss Ophelia Polonius were compelled to leave the room. Colonel Hamlet's conduct so preyed upon Miss Ophelia that she drowned herself. At her burial Colonel Hamlet jumped into the grave, and her brother following him, a most unseemly fight took place, resulting in the two drawing knives and stabbing each other, and, just before dropping, Colonel Hamlet stabbing his uncle, James Q. Hamlet.

All three died.

ANECDOTES OF ALCIBIADES.

Alcibiades was born in Greece. He is dead now. For many years it was a disputed question whether Alcibiades was his first or last name, and the problem was finally solved by a country debating society deciding that it was. That settled it.

Alcibiades possessed both beauty and wealth, and a large portion of his life was devoted to the art of war. He would start out on Monday morning to meet the foe, and return home on Saturday night with a dozen victories engraved on his banner. But it is not our purpose to advert particularly to Alcibiades's military life, for it was not honorable. Nor to his private life, for it was rather unsavory. We desire merely to narrate a few well-authenticated anecdotes of his youth, and dwell briefly on a few prominent events of his variegated career. Alcibiades was a remarkably precocious lad, and was fond of domineering over others. He read so many "Bad Boy" sketches, with which the humorous papers of Athens were filled, that his mind had become estranged from his Sunday-school training, and he was fit for treason, stratagem and practical jokes.

One day, while playing dice in the street, a coal-cart came along, and he bade the driver stop. Alcibiades being a mere youth, the driver cast upon him a look of withering contempt and replied:

"See here, you young cub! if you don't git up and git, I'll grind ye into the dust."

In reply, Alcibiades threw himself on his face in the road, and said:

"Now drive on with your old cart."

The driver was startled at the temerity of the lad, and, instead of seizing him by the scruff of his pantaloons and shaking him until the toy-pistols, jack-knives, brass-knuckles, dime novels and other juvenile playthings flew out of his pockets, he reined in his angular steed and awaited the pleasure of the young autocrat, who turned up three sixes at the next throw. The policeman on that beat was down at the corner-saloon, discussing the coming contest between Slugger Sullivan and Patsy McGoogan.

One morning Alcibiades entered the grocery-store with his head glued together with several yards of court-plaster and took a seat on an inverted bushel-basket, looking as disconsolate and gloomy as a defeated political candidate.

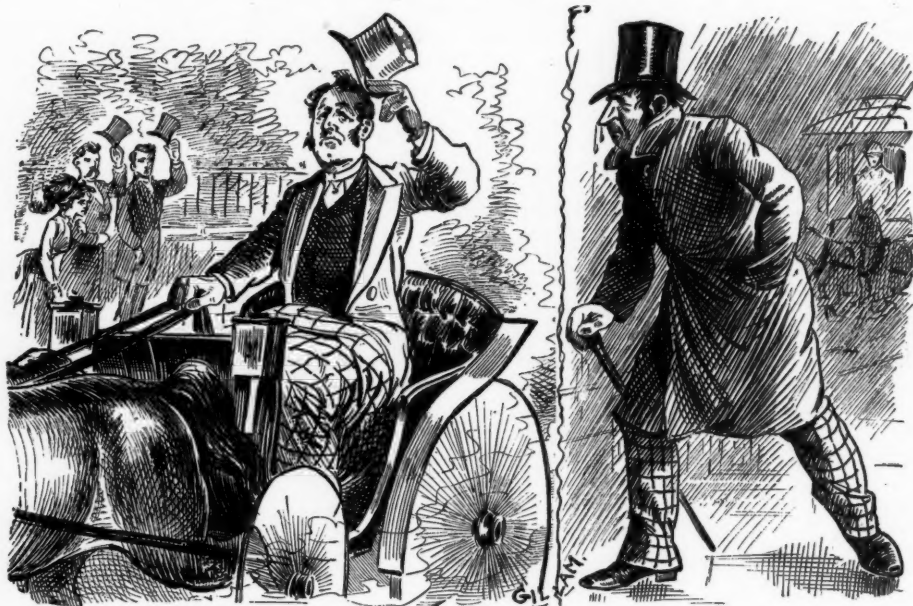
"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the grocery-man, dropping a handful of sand in the nine-cent sugar: "what *have* you been doing this time?"

"I look as if I had been knocked out by a threshing-machine with a self-reaper attachment, don't I?" said Alcibiades, stealthily slipping a ten-pound codfish in his hip-pocket and secreting a sugar-cured ham under his coat.

"You look as if the Tewksbury alms-house people had been hacking you to pieces and tanning your hide for boots," said the grocery-man, going to a desk and charging the lad's father with seventy-five dollars' worth of prime groceries: "Tell us how it happened."

"Well," said the boy: "you know when me and my chum sawed the boards on the well nearly through, and then put a whiskey-flask on 'em and laid for pa, and he came out and saw the bottle and made a rush to capture it and crashed through the well-covering and fell fifty feet and nearly killed hisself and was laid up six weeks and the doctor's bill was ninety-seven dollars? Well, pa was just getting about again, and me and my chum thought it was about time to norgorate another circus; so we put a can of dynamite on the front stoop, and put an old hat over it, and then I rang the door-bell. I knowed no one was home but pa, but he made his appearance a little too previous, and give the old hat a vigorous kick before I could get around the corner, and I thought a drove of Texas cattle had got on the

SOCIAL PROBLEM—No. II.



Why does a man spend fifty dollars in a grand splurge one day—and then begrudge a five-cent car-fare the next?

rampage and waltzed over my head. But you'd a dide to seen pa soaring up into the blue emperium as soon as the 'splosion took place, as if he was going to heaven to select a reserved seat in the celestial quire; but when he got about a mile high, he suddenly remembered that he had forgot to kiss his good little son good-by, and he come back so suddenly that he hurt hisself, and the doctors have sawed off one of his legs and one arm, and say they don't think he has strength enough to pull through, and I guess I'll go to New York and join the Salvation Army, or become a pirate or a politician. Say! do you think they would hang a innocent little boy that says his kattykism every Sunday for setting a can of dynamite on a front stoop and putting an old hat over it? Well, good-by forever."

And he went out and hung up a sign: "Trade-Dollars Taken at Par for Rotten Mackerel."

Alcibiades, despite his disreputable propensity for practical jokes, occasionally gave indications of great wisdom for one of his years. He was a diligent student, and quickly mastered his studies, especially base-ball, boat-rowing and Greek; but when his instructor wished to teach him to play upon the flute, Alcibiades indignantly replied:

"No flute in mine, if you please. The risk is too great, and my life is not insured heavily enough. And, besides, I have some respect for the feelings of my neighbors."

It appeared, however, that he was extremely vain, and thought that no man could play the flute and look pretty at the same time—not even Gen. B. F. Butler or Samuel J. Tilden, he said. So he compromised by tackling the accordeon, and house-rents in his neighborhood fell fifty per cent.

Among Alcibiades's warmest friends was Socrates, the philosopher, who socked him so full of philosophy that he nearly exploded. When Alcibiades published his first book, he conceived a brilliant advertising dodge. While dining with his friend Socrates, the old philosopher said that the young men of the period had more beauty than brains, whereupon the youthful Alcibiades replied, with considerable feeling, that the remarks of Socrates contained less truth than a six-sheet poster of the greatest show on earth. Socrates said he was another, and he could prove it, and his sister wore number eleven shoes. This dignified little episode resulted in

a challenge to heal their wounded honor, and the blanket-sheet dailies gave him thousands of dollars' worth of free advertising before they discovered that the alleged duel was a set-up job to boom Alcibiades's book, of which five hundred copies were sold in less than four years.

Alcibiades was something of a humorist. Once, when attending grammar-school, he asked the teacher for one of Emerson's books.

"Why, you little ignoramus," was the sage reply of the pedagogue: "don't you know that Emerson is not yet born, and has therefore written no books?"

"I alluded to one of the books Emerson would have written had he been born," was the philosophical rejoinder of Alcibiades, and, giving the teacher a blow under the eye with his fist, he left school.

On another occasion, on a wager, he boxed the ears of Hipponicus, a person of wealth and great influence. Hipponicus was angry enough to split Alcibiades open; but he concealed his wrath, and sought a terrible revenge. Next day, when Alcibiades called at the house of Hipponicus to ask his forgiveness, the latter said that was all right, and gave the young man his daughter in marriage. And all the people in the city said the punishment was richly merited, and hoped it would teach Alcibiades a lesson he would not soon forget.

Alcibiades indulged in all sorts of expensive luxuries. He paid seventy minas for a dog—and everybody knows that seventy minas is an outrageously high price for a dog. The cur owned a very handsome tail, which Alcibiades cut off, in order, as he expressed it, to give the people something fresh to talk about. The comic poets of the day—Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde and others—lampooned him unmercifully in the press, and when he sued the editors for \$50,000 damages each, the jury awarded him six cents, and this sum wouldn't last him a week. His behavior became so bad that "Many Citizens," "Truth," "Vox Populi," "Veritas" and other well-known newspaper correspondents wrote to the editor about it; but it didn't seem to do a particle of good. It seldom does. All other measures having failed, Alcibiades's house was set on fire, and, as he ran through the flames to escape, he was shot down, pierced by darts and arrows. That reformed him. His conduct was exemplary ever after.

P. L. UTARCH.

HIS SCHEME FOR PEACE.

A rather slim chap, with canary hair rippling beneath a helmet hat with a puggaree, stepped into a fashionable establishment where arms are sold, and called unto the clerk:

"Have you any self-cocking seven-shooters?"

"Yes," replied the clerk: "would you like to look at them?"

"I would."

In about two minutes the counter was covered with revolvers, and the man with canary hair examined them and said:

"Give me six."

The clerk seemed astonished, but tied up the pistols; at which moment the customer commenced to fan himself with his helmet, and remarked:

"Got any shot-guns?"

"Yes. What kind do you prefer—plain or laminated steel?"

"Doesn't make any difference. Give me about two of each kind."

The clerk thought he had struck a lunatic; but he didn't care whether he took the cash of a sane man or a lunatic. So he tied the guns up, and was about to announce the amount of the bill, when the young man inquired:

"Do you keep cannons?"

"We have some nice brass cannons that carry a twenty-pound solid ball," replied the clerk.

"Are they mounted on wheels?"

"They are."

"Then give me three."

The clerk was considerably amazed, but took the order for the cannons down on paper, and said:

"Now is there anything else you would like to see?"

"Yes; I would like very much to see some daggers."

"We have a fine stock of daggers," replied the clerk, as he placed several specimens on the counter: "Here is one with a solid silver handle which comes a little higher than the others."

"I will take six of the silver-handled ones. Now let me look at a few swords."

"What kind do you want? We have a number of different styles."

"What kind, for instance?" asked the canary-haired youth.

"Well, we have the cavalry-sabre—"

"Give me two."

"And we have the cutlass."

"The kind used by pirates?" asked the long, slender youth, with a smile that betrayed his anxiety.

"Yes, the very kind."

"I will take six of them."

"Now we have some Turkish scimitars."

"I want four of them. I also want two claymores, just like the one in the window."

The clerk took down his order, and began to fancy how much his employer would think of him for selling such a big bill, when the customer said:

"I want half-a-dozen Springfield rifles, with bayonets on them."

"I will take your order and fill it to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; I want some harpoons and spears."

"Those we have not in stock," said the clerk: "but we can get them and deliver them with the shot-guns."

"Now I want some hand-grenades and dynamite."

"We don't keep them."

"Don't keep them?" replied the customer in surprise: "Don't keep them?"

"No."

"Well, then, send all those things up to my hotel, C. O. D."

The man presented his card to the clerk, who thanked him for purchasing such a nice big bill, and said:

"I hope to see you when you play in New York."

"I play in New York? I don't play."

"Beg your pardon," said the clerk, apologetically: "I thought you were the manager and star of a sensational dramatic company, playing a Far West blood-curdling piece, and that you came for properties—"

"Oh, no," laughed the man with yellow hair: "I am simply going down to Texas to start a paper. There are certain journalistic amenities down there that I desire to observe to the letter. I don't wish to be mistaken for an amateur."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia, have issued a "Newspaper Annual" which crowds into 910 pages the agglomerated information of a library. It is well printed, handsomely bound, and generally excellently prepared to make itself welcome in every newspaper office.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



It has afforded us great pleasure to make the acquaintance of "The Merry Duchess" at the STANDARD, and we take great pleasure in certifying that she can see the late Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham and go her one better. She is not only a noted, but a titled woman, and with the assistance of Mr. Dixey, lately the able exponent of one section of the famous heifer of "Evangeline," she is managing to make things pleasant for those who can bear up under Mr. Frederick Clay's music.

"The Silver King" reigns at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, where it properly belongs. In the atmosphere of the West Side it flourishes like a dahlia in an asparagus bed.

We don't like to say positively that Miss Clara Morris is at the THIRD AVENUE THEATRE as this paper appears; but she is announced to be. Mr. George Clark, his rich robustness modified by a severe course of Madison Square, has been engaged to support the star.

A gentle and pleasing thrill runs through the bosom of the dude. Aimée is back again—at the 5TH AVENUE THEATRE.

"The Lights o' London" illuminate the gloom of the Bowery and fill the WINDSOR with resplendent lustre and an odor of peanuts.

The *Rajah* still yawns at the MADISON SQUARE. Yet the audiences smile. The charm that hangs about the *Rajah* we certainly can't explain.

Genesis V.—27.—And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died. And he was translated from the German and has begun again at the CASINO.

All the Brooklynites are going, going, gone to HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, where the "Devil's Auction" is in progress. The general opinion is that his Satanic Majesty knows how to run an auction. The artistic performances of Mlle. Adèle Cornalba and the assistant corps of silk tights are pleasing and graceful.

Answers for the Anxious.

J. P. B., Philadelphia.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—She is one of our people.

TOM TAPLEY.—The men who would have laughed at this style of verse:

"Her hair was starched to many a curl,
But she'd no starched intention—"

have for many years reposed beneath the summer daisies and the winter snow-wreaths. If you wish to go and sing your song to them, you may, dear boy. It is a very humorous song; but a generation has arisen that does not know that style of humor.

WILLIS RYCE.—You're a sad, sad dog, aren't you, with your confessions of intoxication? You want the world to think you are a bad man, don't you? Why, bless your soul, you wouldn't deceive a baby. There's a y. m. c. a. flavor about your "Tail of a Spree" that would reveal you to the popular eye in an instant. We know you. You are the moral young man who sings Moody-and-Sankey hymns in the boarding-house parlor, and never drank anything stronger than ginger-ale in all his life. That's you, Willis darling.

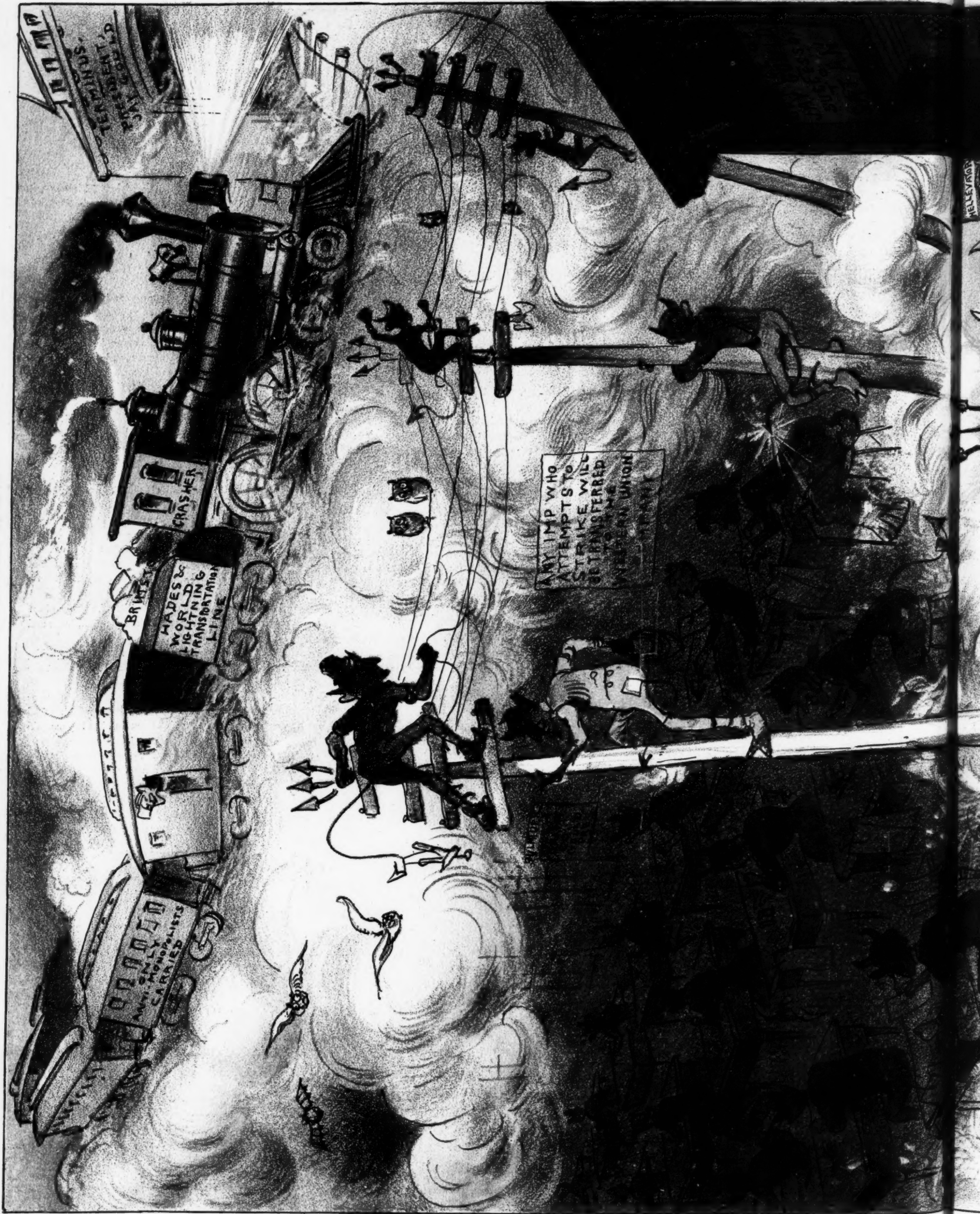
A SHATTERED IDOL.



The British Peer, as we saw him after a complete course of the standard British novelists.

The British Peer, as we see him after reading the newspaper accounts of the Villard excursion.

P U C K .





MONOPOLY IN HADES.
How the Place will be Run, Two Years after Jay Gould's Arrival.

THE PRAYER OF THE FINANCIER.

I.
Give me, O Lord, the widow's mite,
Give me the orphan's sustenance—
Toward the poor man's store aright
Direct my keen detective glance.

II.
The humble treasure of the poor
Is not beneath my lust for gold;
Direct the workman's footsteps sure
Within the ways where stocks are sold.

III.
The callow youth whom fortunes fair
Tempt into paltering with his trusts,
Lead him, oh, lead him to my lair,
And mine the task to see he "busts."

IV.
The merchant whose declining days
The light of honor makes less dim,
Whose age is sweetened by men's praise—
O Lord, just let me get at him!



V.
The wealth of these, of many more,
Make mine, although I need it not;
It swells my overflowing store,
From kindred sources hardly got.

VI.
Oh, ask me not, O Lord, what end
These gifts I ask of thee shall serve;
So long as thou thy blessings send
Should I from my stern purpose swerve?

VII.
Although no honest hand will press
The hand that I in friendship stretch,
Although of love I know far less
Than many a homeless, hopeless wretch,

VIII.
Yet give me MORE, O Lord, to spend
For my ambition high and free,
Until our yacht-clubs, in the end,
Will be afraid to blackball me.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCIX.

A CONVERSATION.



little wearied of Amerwica?"

"What a verwy extwaordinarwy question, my darling," I weplied, and then I added, with a touch of gallantwy in my tone: "How can I feel wearied, when to Amerwica I am indebted faw a wife?"

"That is a verwy pwetty speech, Fwank," she weturned: "but I cannot divest myself of the ide-ah that you only wemain he-ah because you think that I pwefere to live in Amerwica. Of course I have a stwong attachment to the country that gave me birth; besides, our boy is a citizen of the United States, and I thought that you were desirwous of his being bwrought up he-ah that he might become impwessed with wepublican pwinciples."

"Well, Madge," I went on to say: "I am fwee to confess that I have thought occasion-ally of the mattahs you wefer to; but, yer know, you weally seem so happy he-ah that I did not dweam of disturbing you."

Then my wife came toward me with the b-b-boy, and thrwew her arms wound my neck, and wemarked that I was verwy considerwate, and that she appweciaded my sentiments immensely, and then furthah observed:

"De-ah Fwank, if you are positively tired of cwiticising the pwocceedings of my countwmen and countwy-women, and endeavorwing to point out their erwahs, I am perfectly willing to accompany you to Eurwope and wemain there fawewah, with an occasional visit to Amerwica."

I weflected faw a few moments, and then I asked:

Ya-as, as I was lounging in an easy-chair, the other day, on the verwandah of my wesidence at Newport, smoking a aw verwy fwagwant cigar, Mrs. Fitznoodle thus addressed me:

"Fwank, my de-ah, arwen't you a

"Would you aw weally like to take up your wesidence on the othah side, and leave all your fwiefs and associations in this countwy? We-collect aw that you may have fwrequent occasion to find fault with many things that you did not notice when you were me-ahly ovah there as a visitah."

"My de-ah hubby," wesponded my wife, feelingly: "I am quite pwepared to abandon everwything he-ah to please you, and we will go and live in England, where you will be among your fwiefs and have maw congenial surwoundings than, I am sure, you have he-ah. What do you say to making arwangements to bwreak up house-keeping he-ah and wesiding permanently abwoad—at least that is what aw Amerwicans would style it?"

"Then you would have me," I said: "utthahly ignore Amerwican politics, and the mannahs and customs of the people, and let everwything go on without my making any wemarks? But aw what will become of the countwy?"

"Oh, nevah mind the countwy and its institutions," said my wife, tendahly: "I only want you to be perfectly happy."

"Well, I will see about it, and we will weturn to the subject by-and-by—aftah I have given the mattah due consideration aw."

THIS is the time of the year that the fourteen-year-old boy offers to bet that he will vote at the Democratic Primary next month.

A COMANCHE BRAVE recently broke off his engagement with his girl because she passed her plate for soup a second time.

CLOUDY SKY,
Withered grass;
Pumpkin-pie,
Apple-sass;
Muchly-crullered
Sad-eyed "pote,"
Liver-colored
Overcoat.

And the woods are rather drear,
And no lily decks the mere,
And the festive brindled steer
Seems to sing, "Dear, dear
Autumn 's here."

CURRENT COMMENT.

LORD COLERIDGE is about the only famous Englishman over here at present who is not writing a play for the Madison Square Theatre, or going around saying he can thrash Boston's idol, John L. Sullivan.

THE MOST surprised man we ever saw was the man we saw the other day, who stated that he left the house with his umbrella, and yet it didn't clear up, as it always does when you start out thus equipped.

THE ENTERPRISING local political heeler begins to organize a target-company, which is ultimately uniformed by the candidates; and thus every member secures a pair of black trousers, and a flannel shirt for the winter, and a good day's shooting in the country for valuable prizes; and all they have to do in return is to vote frequently and make lots of noise at meetings.

WHEN LORD COLERIDGE returns to his native 'eath and writes a book about America, we trust he will not say that

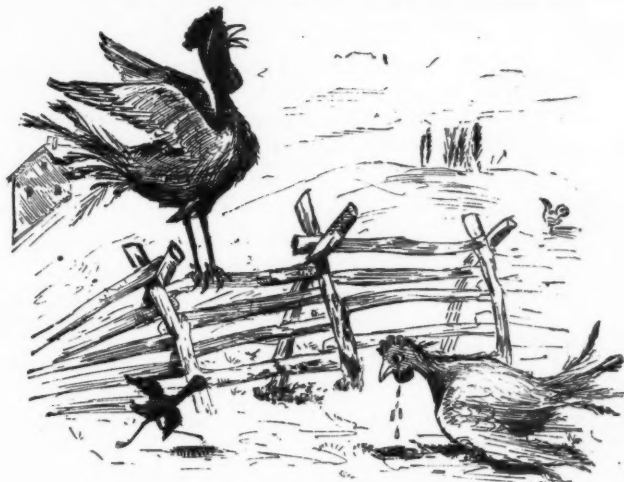
Chicago is a larger State than Hoboken—
That Louisville is an isthmus that connects California and Hartford—

That the Hudson River is a beautiful city—
That the Alleghanies are a lovely archipelago—

And that Idaho is the capital of Brooklyn.

Good Cheer prints a short article entitled "The Value of Literature." The value of literature entirely depends. If the book has a calf-skin cover, it is valuable as a razor-strop. If it is only a foot thick, it comes in first-rate to put under the corner of a bureau which has lost a leg. If it has a clasp on it that will keep it closed, it cannot be eclipsed as a missile to hurl at a dog. If it has a large cover like a geography, it is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a stove-pipe hole or a broken pane of glass. If the paper in which the literature occurs is one of the large ones known as a blanket-sheet, then it is much enjoyed by the young lady who wishes to cut out a pattern of anything. As we said before, the value of literature entirely depends.

THE FAMILY REUNITED.



[SEE JULY 4TH NUMBER OF PUCK.]

MOTHER TO CHILD: No more I'll roam
 "Dear Mary Jane, Away from home—"
 I'm home again, CHILD TO FATHER:
 Much sadder and much wiser. "Pa, here 's your Ann Elizer."

LOVE AND MAMMON;
 OR,
 NUMISMATICS AT NEWPORT.

[A Hint for a New Opera.]

LOCUS IN QUO: A Cottage on the "Drive."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

ANGELINA: A Heroine on the *qui vive* for a *parti*.

MAMA: A Baffled Match-Maker.

MAMMON: Rich, Young, and with Imperfect Cerebral Development.

SPECIMEN SCENE.

ANGELINA (*seated at window*).
 Oh! This is horrible, dull and unbearable!
 The men are so stupid, so few and so timorous!
 They have n't the nerve of the pendulant jelly-fish.
 Go down by the beach of the white-capped Atlantic,
 And pick up an oyster and search for its vertebrae,
 And, mark me, mama, the esculent bivalve
 Will enter and win in a contest pedestrian
 Go-as-you-please before these recalcitrant,
 Timorous, teetering, tormenting tissues of
 Clothes and absurdity find they have sand enough
 To gaze at the melody, and—fire the question off!

MAMA.

Such awful slang, oh! Angelina, dear,
 It 's never been my fate before to hear!
 In my young days it was a lady's part
 To have her Blair and Murray well to heart!
 When I was of your age, quite well I know
 Such frightful slang would horrify a beau,
 And—

ANGELINA.

But when you started out to mash
 You played your game for something else than *cash*!
 It 's all an auction, now, and we are "sold"
 At spot cash figures for the price in gold;
 I speak in *English*; you, mama, veneer
 A human auction with a phrase polite.
 Worth, minus cash, is frozen with a sneer!
 Cash, minus worth, is welcomed with delight.

MAMA.

My! How you rail at me, snarl at me, snap at me!
 What has gone wrong that thus you should rap at me?

ANGELINA.

Alas! I have reasons in plenteous variety.
 I 'm a-weary, I 'm sick of this sea-side "sassiety";
 I 've talked till my tongue has got twisted; my toes
 Are worn into kernels with dawncing; my clothes
 Are *passée* and *outré*, and, 'less Mammon propose,
 We will have to hie homeward defeated!

MAMA.

Hark. There is the bell!

'Tis young Mr. Mammon, the great English swell.

Now do, Angelina, your future remember;
 The season is over; it approaches November.
 You *must not*, you *dare not* assign him a "not"—
 And he loves you too well to ask for your *dot*.

[Exit MAMA, L. E.]

[Enter MAMMON, R. E., ff.]

MAMMON (*singing Aria*, "LOVE'S COMPARISONS").

Sweet Angelina! as I chanced to stray
 Within my garden, one brief hour ago,
 My love suggested that this fair bouquet
 Would be so very apt—so *comme il faut*
 To give to you, whose features—may I say?—
 Outshine the beauties in this sweet nosegay.

The rose is for your cheeks of matchless tint,

The violet for your eyes of Heaven's blue,

The lilies' drooping petals seem to hint

They cannot rival innocence in you,

While mignonettes and rose-geraniums share

A tender wish to nestle in your hair.

These stately blossoms perfumed homage give—

The amaryllis—type of scornful love;

But to my heart the heliotrope says: "Live!

Scorn is from earth, but mercy from above."

And—crowning symbol of the love that dwells

Forever in mine heart—these immortelles!

ANGELINA.

Oh! Thanks! Much obliged, but really, you know,
 I don't take to flowers; they 're nice and all that,
 But they 've bugs in their leaves, and I really prefer
 To inspect coleopteræ farther away.
 Will you not have a seat?

MAMMON.

Aw—thanks! Think I will. Won't you sing me a song?

ANGELINA.

Shall be chawmed, I am su—ah—aw—what shall it be?
 Some rough, runic rhyme of the cycle archaic,
 Such as trilobites sang ere the period glacial,
 Or some sibilant slang—such as suits, sad to say,
 Those tailors' *chefs d'œuvre*—the MEN OF TO-DAY?

MAMMON.

Well, aw—really, you know, you must choose your own song,
 Since all are too uttah when chawnted by you.

ARIA (*duet*).

"MODERN DAMES AND KNIGHTS OF OLD."

SHE.—Oh, for a man in this prosaic age

To hold the mirror up to chivalry!

Oh, for an Ivanhoe's enchanting rage,

Or Cœur de Lion's charming revelry!

Oh, for that dear, delicious, wicked Templar!

We 'd take him—rather than have no exemplar.

HE.—Oh, for a woman with a level head!

A woman who could bake and wash and churn,

A woman not too good for daily bread,

As said by some one with a rhyming turn—

A stout young woman who could sew and, maybe,
 Darn my stockings while I darn the baby.

[Together.]

SHE.—Oh, for a Bayard with a spotless shield!

HE.—He 'd loan it to his uncle, I 'd be bound!

SHE.—Or Arthur, bright excalibur to wield!

HE.—Old iron sells at seven cents per pound!

SHE.—Oh, for a MAN in this degenerate age!

HE.—Or woman free from the æsthetic rage!

[They seat themselves.]

MAMMON.

Aw—ah—the season 's nearly over;

The leaves begin to fall upon the ground.

The time has come for every timid lover

To let his sweetheart know he 's still around.

"Faint heart ne'er won" and all that, some one says,

And—not to be abrupt—I 've loved thee long,

But, ere I go too deep in *medias res*,

I 'll illustrate my feelings by a song.

[Goes to piano and sings.]

ARIA.

"DOLLARS AND DIMES."

'Tis sweet with your sweetheart to wander at will,
 And pluck the bright flowers that brighten each hill;
 But, trust me, your love will return deeper thanks
 For a bunch of the green leaves that grow in the banks.

(Continued on page 44.)

Oh, firm is the bond which Friendship implies,
And stronger than this is the knot which Love ties;
But truer than Friendship's and stronger by far
Than Love's—is the bond which is quoted at par!

Ah, you have taken the hint! I can see by your eyes
That Cupid and Mammon at last are allies.
And you might have done worse—forgive if I'm rude—
Than marry an ugly but wealthy young dude.

[Chorus of Dudes and Dudesses without.]

Oh, what care we for the sneers
Of a jealous and subsidized press?
We laugh at its snarls and its jeers,

And gladly we'll make them our peers
When the editors know how to dress.
We ignore the wide world and its feuds—ha! ha!
We're a world by ourselves—we are dudes—ha! ha!

[Faintly.]

The tailor's our prophet and king,
Who, with Fashion's unswerving decree,
Metamorphoses into a THING—
A most irreclaimable THING—
The jolly young lads that we be.
So down with the man who intrudes—ha! ha!
In the well-dressed circle of dudes—ha! ha!

[Slow curtain.]

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

There is a boy in Norwalk, Connecticut, according to the local liar for that town, whose arms grow out of his back "and are afflicted with a strange continual motion, sweeping around in a circle like a windmill, the arms moving in opposite directions." If this were true—which it is not, as it grows too closely under the shadow of Bridgeport, the winter home of Barnum's circus, and is therefore to be taken with a barrel of salt—it could go to prove that when Nature set out to make a stump-speaker she never made a mistake. It is a pity that a few people couldn't be born that way every year. They would be such valuable additions to the acquired grace of Congressional eloquence. The "onnabul member" could do the "hollering," and the windmill boy could keep right on with his gestures.

He was a graduate of Harvard, vintage of '83, and had just had the refusal of the managing editor's chair on a New York daily—managing editor was sitting in it himself, and declined to get out—and had returned from an ocean voyage to Nantucket—round trip, eighty cents. He pondered over the dictionary a long, long time, and at last closed it with a decided slam.

"New word," he said, with the air of one having authority: "new word. I must look it up."

"What is it?" asked his father.

"Labbord," replied the young man: "lab-bord; heard it on the boat half-a-dozen times." "Tain't in the dictionary, either; I've looked all through 'L' two or three times. Some new word."

THE British Government has tendered Matthew Arnold a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds a year for thinking and writing poems and teaching the doctrine of sweetness and light, whatever that is. The pension is sweet and light enough in all conscience. If it isn't very sweet, it is shamefully light, and Mr. Arnold can do better by coming to America with a lecture, a new play, or a cake-walk, or something else intellectual.

"WHAT did you get out of that case?" asked the old lawyer.

"I got my client out of it," replied the young one.

"And what did he get out of it?"

"Satisfaction, I reckon. I didn't leave anything else for him to get."

"Young man," said the senior, proudly: "you'll never be a judge. There is not enough money on the bench for you."

A PAPER steamboat is soon to be launched on the Ohio River. They'd better not make it of blotting-paper if they want any river left.—R. J. Burdette, in *Burlington Hawkeye*.

The Summer Hotel Keeper on the Ragged Edge.



BEGINNING OF THE SEASON.
The Watch at the Front Door—"Will They Stop, I Wonder?"



END OF THE SEASON.
The Watch at the Back Door—"Will They Skip, I Wonder?"

WETOLJESO.

PUCK ON WHEELS.—First among the many funny things in the fourth number of PUCK's summer annual is the dedication to and acknowledgement by Mr. Francis Fitznoodle; then come "To a Three Months' Note"; "What I Like"; "The Small Boy's Diary," during June, July, August and September. The pages are filled with accounts of misdeeds for which he gets "wormed." Amusing is "The Old Man's Diary" during one summer at the Catskills.

He falls in love with a young widow and forgets his rheumatism. "The Crazy Poet's Diary"; "On the Banks of the Metowee"; "Very Duedeowitch, the Nihilistess," a tale of tallow and top-boots; "My Wooing," a love-poem made up of quotations from different authors; "The Belle of the Baggage-Car"; "Miss Bridget's Reference"; "PUCK's Trial Balance for July and August"; "Terrible Mill Accident"; "At the Telephone"; "Tonsorial Catechism," a catechism which a barber compels his boy to learn before he is old enough to enter the shop as a latherer; "Cranks—A Duet," an amusing caricature of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's novel, "Doctor Zay"; and others equally rich in humor, are among the attractions. —Syracuse Standard.

Our statistical contemporaries, who monthly dose us with statements of the reduction of the public debt, have omitted the most important item in the whole account. During the past three

years this annual of all annuals—PUCK ON WHEELS—has knocked off from the national debt no less than \$2,673,491,839—well, there are three columns more of figures, which the foreman will show you in the galley, if you call. This country humped itself for a hundred years just on purpose to get roomy enough for PUCK and his annual, and now it is growing like a campaign lie, simply because they are here to boom it. PUCK is never coarse and never dull; and the same artists and authors who make it the foremost humorous and satiric paper in the world have spared enough of their wit and skill to make PUCK ON WHEELS as funny as a sixteen-year-old boy courting a damsel of twenty-seven—and we don't know of anything else that is.—Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette.

PUCK ON WHEELS, for the summer of 1883, is a late admirable publication of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann. It is brimful of humorous sketches, paragraphs and poems, and the illustrations with which it abounds are exquisite.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

LUNDBORC'S PERFUMES. EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION is the report of dealers who sell "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes. Try them. Their fragrance and delicacy is sure to please.

A consoling assurance to those suffering from Piles, that Swayne's Ointment will cure the worst case.

PUCK ON WHEELS. NEW DRESS. Over 100 Pages.
PUCK ON WHEELS. NEW FORM. Profusely Illustrated.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

By Mail to Any Part of the World, Thirty Cents.
For Sale Everywhere.

THE Hat of the season for gentlemen has been introduced by ESPENSCHIED, and it is a veritable beauty, exhibiting the characteristics of elegance of design and perfection of finish for which his hats have been for so many years celebrated. Select your hats at 118 Nassau St.

FRAUDS IN GINGER

Those who cannot Originate, IMITATE.

BROWN is not a more uncommon name than **SMITH, JONES** or **ROBINSON**, we are all aware, but sometimes people who cannot Originate do Imitate. Therefore, when the "GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER" is desired, be certain not only to ask for

FRED. BROWN'S (PHILADELPHIA) GINGER

but look well at the Bottle, see that it is not only Wrapped in Blue Paper, but also see that there are

Three Trade Mark Labels on the Bottle:

The large Steel Engraved Label, Black and White, the centre occupied by the **HEAD OF WASHINGTON**.

The additional Trade Marks—one in Red, White and Black, and with Signature—the other with Dose and Directions for Use in Blue, Black and White.

YOUR VIOLIN.

Your violin! Ah me!
'T was fashioned o'er the sea
In storied Italy—

What matter where?
It is its voice that sways
And thrills me as it plays
The tunes of other days—
The days that were.

Then let your magic bow
Glide lightly to and fro—
I close my eyes, and so,
In vast content,
I kiss my hand to you,
And to the tunes we knew
Of old, as well as to
Your instrument.

Poured out of some dim dream
Of lulling sounds that seem
Like ripples of a stream
Twanged lightly by
The slender, tender hands
Of weeping-willow wands
That droop where gleaming sands
And pebbles lie.

A melody that swoons
In all the truant tunes
Long, lazy afternoons
Lure from the breeze,
When woodland boughs are stirred,
And moaning doves are heard,
And laughter afterward
Beneath the trees.

Through all the churning
I hear on leaves of Spring
The drip and pattering
Of April skies,
With echos faint and sweet,
As baby-angel feet
Might make along a street
Of Paradise.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"*In choosing allies, look to their power as well as their will to aid you." In choosing a remedy for bowel, liver and kidney diseases, try Kidney-Wort and you will never regret it. If you are subject to ague, you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks.

Ten drops of **Angostura Bitters** impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks and prevent all Summer Diseases. Try it and you will never be without it; but be sure to get the world-renowned **Angostura**, manufactured only by **DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**

SOHMER PIANOS.

PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free.
Address, **TRUB & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

PENS THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York

BAUS PIANOS

PRICES } in use at the Grand Conservatory of Music. } TERMS
LOW. } EASY.
Warerooms: 26 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

RUGS.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to our FALL DISPLAY of RUGS, which embraces some of the most striking novelties ever imported in

Indian, Ellore,
Agra,
Antique, Persian,

And Every Well-Known Manufacture.

Foreign and Domestic Carpets, Axminster Whole Carpets, in Private Patterns and made to order.

BROADWAY & 19th St.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,

306 BROADWAY,

Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.

Importers and Manufacturers of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc.



AMERICAN STANDARD

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES,

New and Second-hand, at Low prices and on easy terms.

Warerooms: 900 BROADWAY, Corner 20th Street, N. Y.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS



Has no equal for cleaning all kinds of Kitchen Utensils, Tin, Brass or Copper, Knives, Forks, Crockery, Glassware, Bath Tubs, Paint, Oil Cloth, Marble Mantles, &c.

Cuticura

THE GREAT SKIN CURES



TO cleanse the Skin, Scalp and Blood of Itching, Scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humors, Blood Poisons, Ulcers, Abscesses and Infantile Skin Tortures, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient, expels disease germs from the blood and perspiration, and thus removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and sores, restores the complexion. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, and for rough, chapped or greasy skin, blackheads, blotches and baby humors. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CUTICURA, 50 Cents; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25 Cents.

Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEHNING

PIANOS.

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue. WAREHOUSES, 15 E. 14th ST., N. Y.



An Automatic Musical Instrument

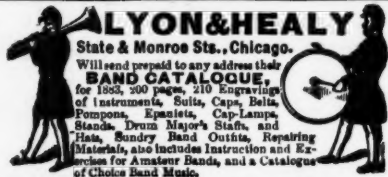
upon which anyone can play an unlimited number of tunes. ANY CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

The effects produced are truly wonderful. It is made in different sizes, from the LITTLE DOT at \$5.00, and the \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$25.00 sizes, to the MUSICAL CABINET at \$75.00 and the large PIPE ORGANS.

Illustrated Catalogue free.

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO., 831 BROADWAY,

bet. 12th & 13th Streets, New York.



State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.

Will send you to any address their

BAND CATALOGUE,

for 1903, 200 pages, 210 Engravings

of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts,

Pompons, Epaulettes, Cap-Lamps,

Stands, Drum Major's Staffs, and

Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing

Materials, also includes Instruction and Ex-

ercises for Amateur Bands, and a Catalogue

of Choice Band Music.

ARNHEIM

THE TAILOR,

190 and 192 BOWERY, Cor SPRING ST.

GREAT REDUCTION.

Elegant Trousers, made to measure, at \$4
Fine Suits, " " " " 16
Overcoats, " " " " 15

STYLISH CUTTING.

Our only Branch Store in this City is at

305 BROADWAY, corner Duane Street.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

OPIUM

MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

"You are getting to be the laziest man in town," said a member of the Austin Press Club to a prominent attorney: "Why don't you rustle around and do some work once in a while?"

"Haven't seen the papers lately, have you?" replied the attorney, lazily drumming with his heels on the sidewalk.

"Yes; but what's in them in regard to your case?"

"Oh, nothing; only a man in San Antonio worked hard the other day, drank a glass of iced water, and died in fifteen minutes. I can't give up my daily iced water, and I don't propose to die. That's the long and the short of it."—*Texas Siftings*.

A YOUNG fellow doesn't have any kind of a chance nowadays. Here was a Yale man who was making quite a name for himself in the literary line, when all of a sudden it was discovered that one Thomas Moore—an Irishman, we believe—had been plagiarizing some of the student's best work years and years ago. It is bad enough to have the product of your brain stolen after it is written, but when a college man comes into the world handicapped by the knavery of a plagiarist who died long before the gifted student was born, he might as well throw up the sponge at once.—*Boston Transcript*.

SCENE at the base-ball grounds: A ball was knocked sidewise and caught on a fly.

"Foul and out!" was the cry of the umpire.

A charming High School girl, looking at the game, ejaculates:

"Ah, really, how can it be a fowl? I don't see any feathers!"

And she turned to her attendant with an inquiring look.

"Well, oh! Yes, you see, the reason you don't see any feathers is because it belongs to the picked nine."—*Peoria Transcript*.

By the end of the month a man can give his straw hat to the poor.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION. Consultation free. Send for descriptive treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.

CUSTOM TAILORING.
NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.
MODERATE PRICES.

NICOLL, "the Tailor."

620 BROADWAY 620.
139-151 BOWERY, N. Y.

Samples and SELF-MEASUREMENT chart mailed on application. BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort. Automatically Adjustable. Displacement Impossible.

The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence. Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.

Sold by Druggists. (Every Bandage) S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, Sent by mail safely. (Guaranteed.) Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

RUNK, UNGER & CO.,

No. 50 PARK PLACE,
Sole Agents for

Ayala-Château d'Ay

CHAMPAGNES.

TAUNUS NATURAL MINERAL WATER
Runk & Unger, Bingen a. Rh. Rhine Wines,
L. Tappier & Co., Bordeaux, Claretts,
Roulet & Delamain, Cognacs,
Brandies, etc., etc.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side; Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Excesses, Jaundice, Billousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation & Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure, and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

CANDY

Address

C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

WATCHES

for the Million.

The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$6 to \$150—all reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Ear-rings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs etc., at prices in reach of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds. An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentleman, and this is the best place to buy it.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

363 Canal Street, New York.



VICTOR TRICYCLES.
HIGHEST CLASS WORK.—NEW FEATURES.
SEND 3¢ STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
HARTFORD, CT.



COLUMBIA BICYCLES.

Thousands in daily use by doctors, lawyers, ministers, editors, merchants, &c., &c. Send 3c. stamp for elegantly illustrated 36-page catalogue.

THE POPE MFG. CO.,

575 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
NEW YORK RIDING-SCHOOL, 214 E. 34th St.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THEISS'S MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT,
134 and 136 East 14th Street.

Opposite the Academy of Music.
CONCERT EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price \$1.00. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.25.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS.

27 STOP ORGANS ONLY \$57.00

A Magnificent Holiday, Birthday, or Wedding Present.

If you are in need of a Cabinet Organ for your Parlor, Lodge, Church, or Sabbath School, order the "MOZART," or if you are unable to buy an instrument at present, please write me, stating your reasons why. Let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not. Please call your friends' attention to this advertisement. In this way you can aid me in making sales. Every Twenty-seven Stop Organ sold tells others, because they are the best, and bring forth, at command of the performer, greatest amount, combinations, and variety of music equal to a Church Pipe Organ, costing from \$1,500 to \$3,000. BEATTY'S PATENT STOP ACTION, which is fully secured at the United States Patent Office. Grand effects are obtained, from a mere whisper to a grand burst of harmony. The instrument must be heard to be appreciated. Read the following brief description, and, if possible, send your order without delay. **27 STOPS AS FOLLOWS:**

1. Double Octave Coupler.—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples all octaves.
2. Powerful Box Bass.—New and original. The thundering tones produced are without a parallel in Organ building.
3. Vox Celeste.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced are beyond description.

4. Piccolo.—Variety of music which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive to build in the world.
5. French Horn.—A stop which imitates a full orchestra and brass band.

Stops Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, peals forth most delightful music. 11—Zolian. 12—Clarinet. 13—Cello. 14—Violin. 15—Clarabella. 16—Grand Forte. 17—Melodia. 18—Bourdon. 19—Viol di Gamba. 20—Viola Dolce. 21—Grand Expression. 22—Harp Zolian. 23—Echo. 24—Aerostatic Expression Indicator. 25—Orchestral Forte. 26—Grand Organ. 27—Expression. The last seventeen (17) Stops are operated in direct conjunction with above ten (10) bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect, from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Height, 73 inches; Depth, 24 inches; Length, 48 inches.

NINE (9) SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: 1st, Five (5) Octave Set Diapason Reeds; 2d, Five (5) Full Set Dulciana Reeds; 3d, Sweet Vox Celeste Reeds of three Full Octaves; 4th, One (1) Full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds; 5th, Two (2) Octaves or one each of Piccolo and Saxophone Reeds combined; 6th, Set Soft Cello Reeds; 7th, Set Violina Reeds; 8th, Set Jubilante Reeds; 9th, Set Clarinet Reeds. Above Nine (9) Sets Reeds are entirely original, and covered by Letters Patent. FIVE FULL OCTAVE.—One Manual or Keyboard. Handsome Walnut Case. Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music. Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows of immense power. Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure, by use of the knee, without removing the hands from the keyboard.

A SPECIAL OFFER. I am determined to have this beautiful instrument introduced without a moment's delay. Hence the following special offer, providing order is given and remittance made within the limited time as specified in advertisement.

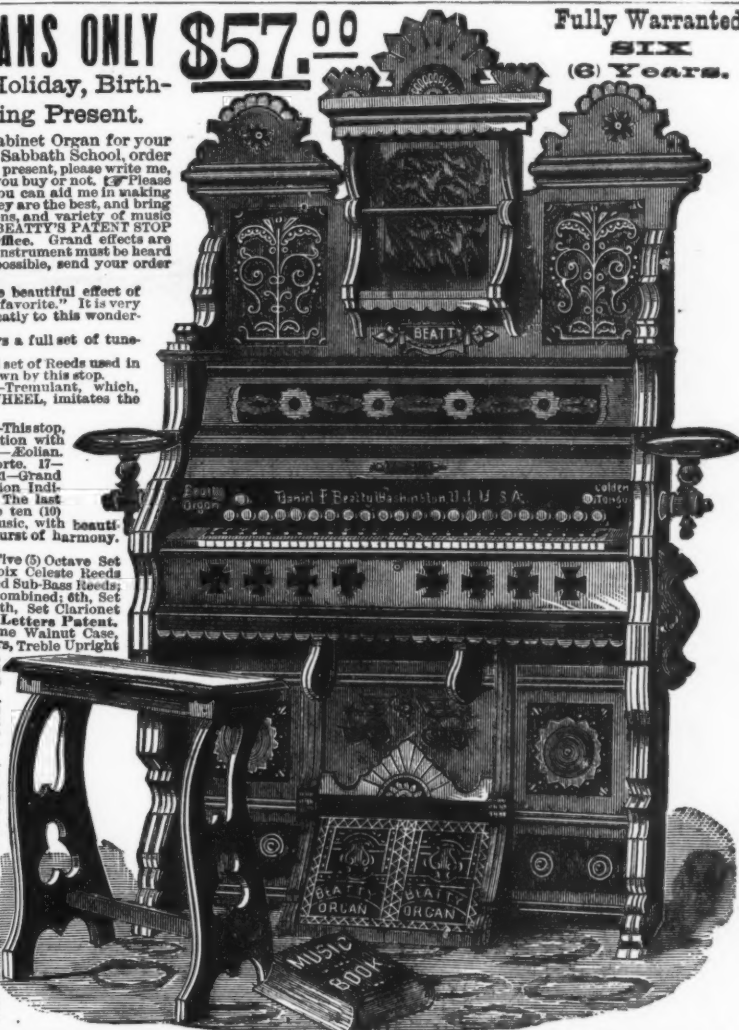
Daniel F. Beatty

order is given within thirteen days from date of this newspaper, or, if you order within five days, a further deduction of \$2 will be allowed, and ALL FREIGHTS WILL BE PREPAID, the regular price being \$115 without the Bench, Book, and Music. Money promptly refunded, with interest at 6 per cent., if not just as represented after 1 year's use.

Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price. PROVIDING ORDER IS GIVEN IMMEDIATELY. VISITORS WELCOME.

Address or Call upon
the Manufacturer,

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



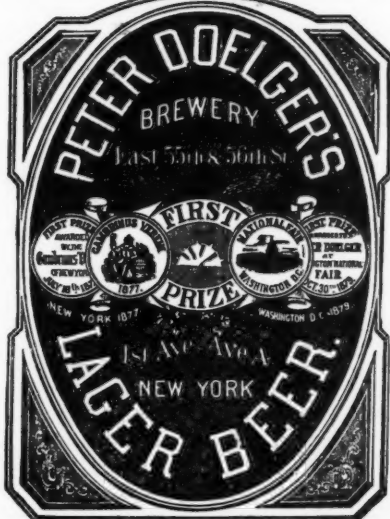
Fully Warranted
SIX
(6) Years.



Catalogue for 1893, 228 pages, 2,000 illustrations of Firemen's and Boating Goods, Model Engines and Figures, Air-Guns, Targets, Revolvers, Wigs, Beards, and all Theatrical Outfits, Clogs, Magic Tricks, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, &c., and all the best Novelties, sent by mail for 25 cents.

PECK & SNYDER,

126 to 130 Nassau Street, New York.



ECLIPSE EXTRA DRY, the Finest Natural Champagne. FRED'X WM. LUTTEN, Sole Agent, 61 Warren Street, New York.

A BACHELOR and spinster who had been school-mates in youth, and who were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor returned:

"Yes, Maria. The last time we met we were each twenty-four years old. Now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet."

They never met again.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

An editorial six and a half columns in length appeared in the London *Times* of the 25th ult. Barnum has sent an agent to Europe to secure the man who read this editorial. He thinks he would be a greater curiosity than Jumbo. And Western people have ordered a large number of copies of the paper to put on the roofs of their houses to hold their property down when a cyclone comes howling along.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOMETHING for Smokers—Cigars.—*Boston Post.*

*Ten years ago the name of Lydia E. Pinkham was scarcely known outside of her native State. To-day it is a household word all over the Continent, and many who read the secular and religious journals have become familiar with the face that shines on them with a modest confidence, in which we read the truth that "Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.



**ANGOSTURA
BITTERS.**

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)

Sole Agent for the United States.

61 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

POCKET THE DESK
\$1.00 ANTI-STYLOGRAPH \$1.50
SIZE (HEARSON'S PATENT U.S.A.) SIZE

A reservoir Penholder, carrying a nibbed pen and sufficient ink for many hours' continuous writing. Ready for instant use without adjustment. Non-corrodible pens, changeable at pleasure, fine, medium, or broad, 40c. per box.
Fitted with Palladium Pen, iridium-pointed, \$2.50.
N.B.—The Anti-Stylograph is not a Stylograph or point-writer, but a true PEN with nibs, to suit all writers. It preserves all the usual characteristics of the handwriting, and may therefore be used for shorthand or signatures.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL STATIONERS.

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.
LONDON, PARIS, & NEW YORK.

THE THE QUEBER WATCH CASE

TAKE NOTICE.

For 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike.
F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.



THE LAND OF UNDISCOVERED MURDERS.